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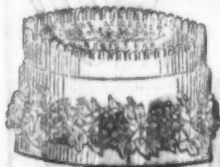
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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. III.—No. 121.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1878.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SCANDALS.

THAT there are many grave scandals connected with the Episcopal Church is admitted and deplored by a few Churchmen. But few, we believe, apprehend that things are so bad as they really are in some quarters.

Evidence of this accumulates daily. A little pamphlet lies before us which it makes one blush to read. Its title is this: "A Rule of Self-Examination: or Helps to Find out My Sins." Its author is the Rev. T. R. Willacy, who describes himself as a "Mission Priest"—whatever that may mean—and who is, or was till lately, a curate at Crumpsall, Manchester. Its printer is Mr. Charles Sever, Long Millgate, Manchester. The pamphlet, we are told, is "for private use, and for distribution in mission and parochial work." Its price is "2d. each, by post 2½d; 6s. per 100; 10 per cent allowed if 500 or more are taken." This insidious little work is as bad in its way as "The Priest in Absolution." Amongst the sins mentioned under the Fourth Commandment are these:—"Broken the greater Sundays—Easter Day and Whitsun-day—by excessive fasting; spent Christmas Day, Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, Ascension Day, without due reverence." Here are some of the questions which people are instructed to ask themselves when they come to deal with the Fifth Commandment:—"Have I shown becoming reverence to the clergy, as Ministers of God? Disobeyed their precepts? Denied their authority over me? Refused to provide for their maintenance according to my means? Fulfilled my duty to my spiritual director? Been unwilling to receive the instruction, correction, or rebuke necessary for my soul's good? Been disobedient, rude, obstinate, insolent to my schoolmaster or schoolmistress? Been sulky when corrected? Replied in anger? Spoken disrespectfully of the Queen? Of the magistrates? Broken the laws of the country? Been quarrelling in respect to aged persons? Been uncivil to those above me in wealth or estate? Spoken rudely to them? Scorned them?" What is said in connection with other Commandments is of a character that we cannot transfer it all to our columns; but we may mention that the Rev. T. R. Willacy, Mission Priest, enjoins his readers to keep asking themselves such questions as the following:—"Dressed immodestly so as to attract attention? Been forward in my manner? Wanton in my behaviour? Lascivious in my looks? Asked unbecoming questions about sin? Read books or newspapers to excite my passions? Delighted in impure talk, dances, pictures, plays, jokes, songs? Gone to places where I knew I should hear and see such? Associated with immodest or unchaste companions? Taken liberties with others? Allowed others to take liberties with me? Indulged in improper kissing? Not kept guard over my eyes, ears, tongue? Imparted the knowledge of evil to the innocent? Used loose talk before children? Delighted in using or hearing ill words with two meanings? Encouraged myself in idleness? In excessive sleep? In self-indulgence? In drinking? In luxurious eating? In pampering my appetite? Neglected prayer? Watchfulness? Fasting? To flee temptation? To keep my body in subjection?" The reader will think this bad enough; but what we have given is decency itself as compared with what we have omitted. Mr. Willacy says his followers must draw up lists of all their sins and read them over in their prayers. If they fail to feel themselves forgiven after that, this is what they are told to do next:—"When you have done this, if you cannot soothe your heart of forgiveness and peace, or if your sins keep coming back to your memory and troubling your conscience, then go to your parish Priest, or to some other discreet and learned Minister of God's Word, and open your grief; ask him to direct your Confession, that you may receive the benefit of Absolution." What a shame it is that such a

state of matters should exist in connection with a national or any other Church!

But scandals are also plentiful as regards the payment of clergymen, patronage, and the sale of livings. Some Churchmen recognise this. This is what the *Church Review* has to say:—"Lamentable it is that at this day there should be an institution among us, and that a Divine one, whose temporal concerns are in a state which, compared with those of others, may be rightly characterised as scandalous. Holy offices are bought and sold, and the man who has the most money, and is consequently the highest bidder, gets those of most value; whilst the poor man, who has conscientiously accepted the priesthood, is either obliged to starve on a curate's stipend or drag out a wretched existence on some pauperised living. Inspect the list of livings in any diocese and see how absurdly large the parson's income is in one parish, and how ridiculously small in another! Not in the least is the stipend proportioned to the size or responsibilities of the parish. One priest appropriates to himself some £3,000 per annum, while his brother-clergyman in the adjoining parish eagerly clutches at some paltry £60 per annum, and that without a house! Are we at this day to tolerate such a state of things? We think not. Abuses in the State are bad enough, and make the honest reformer's blood tingle as he sees them repeated; but in the Church, where all should be straightforward, honest, and true, it is simply sickening to know and feel that where a pattern should be set for imitation by the world, abuses of the worst kind prevail. How can he who has just purchased a living stand up in his pulpit and rebuke the dishonest tradesman on the Sunday morning for the abuses of trade—legitimate as he thinks! Why is it that the Church does not set a better example? We think it intolerable that while in one parish a priest has, say, 500 souls and receives £600 per annum for looking after them, in perhaps the very next parish there are 3,000 and an income of £800! That something must be done is evident, for it is both a disgrace and a scandal that the state of the temporal affairs of the Church should be but a mockery to the honest integrity of any secular institution." Brave, wise words these—words, too, which will do the Church more good than all the fulsome, foolish ravings about "our glorious Church" on the part of men like Mr. James Croston.

AFFAIRS IN THE (Y)EAST.

SOMETIMES I've wondered how it happ'd
That most of people highly born
Should in the war mood be enwrapt
When danger haunts the Golden Horn.

At last the secret we may fix,
Thanks to the Wizard of the North—
Or, rather, to our old friend Dicks,
Who prints a cheaper "Kenilworth."

Whilst bold Queen Bess (Dicks' volume tells)
To Leicester's lordly mansion rode,
The "very flour" of British Swells
On either side allegiance showed.

No more, as high-bre(a)d loafers mess,
At Carlton Club or Guildhall feast,
Can wonder wake? we must confess
Flour always should rise with the (y)east!

* The ladies of Court, who rode beside Her Majesty's . . . were . . . the very flour of a realm so far famed for splendour and beauty. . . . The magnificence of the courtiers . . . was yet more unbounded."—*Vide Dicks' "Kenilworth,"* chap. XXX.

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A VISION.

[BY FIGARO JUNIOR.]

SITTING alone one melancholy night,
And musing vaguely by the dying fire,
The place was on a sudden all illumed
By soft celestial splendour, and I saw
A strange mysterious vision, and I heard
Prophetic words, spoken in solemn tones,
That chilled the very marrow of my bones.

There entered in
With slow and stately but with noiseless tread,
Three forms, to which I had seen nought akin;
Three pilgrims from the kingdom of the dead.
They ranged themselves before my wondering eyes,
Speaking no word, but menacing of air.
Silent they stood, and when I tried to rise,
Motioned me sternly back into the chair.
And while in this suspense, behold! a fourth
Entered the chamber, and took up his place
Beside the other three. From him went forth
Such dazzling light I could not see his face,
But in his hand I saw a two-edged sword
Flaming with fire, and on the blade were writ
Strange characters, that did to me afford
No kind of meaning. And I there did sit
Mute, motionless, and all afraid to stir
With tragical forebodings of the fate
Which, as it seemed, no prayer could now defer,
Until my soul with fear was satiate.

But, as I gazed at them and they at me,
Their look of menace softly died away,
And the light faded, so that I could see
More plainly my strange visitors' array.
And, while I looked, methought their features grew
Familiar to my memory, and assumed
Resemblance to some images I knew—
All but the one whose visage was illumed.

And as I gazed with anxious eyes, I saw
That these were rulers over me and mine,
To whom to yield obedience was a law
It did not need assemblies to define.
The first regarded me with eye serene,
The stamp of lofty courage on his brow,
A thoughtful glance divining things unseen,
A look to make a tyrant quail and bow—
Hampton his name.

The second of commanding form and grace,
Sweetness and poesy in every breath,
With brow where thought Titanic leaves its trace,
With eyes re-opened by the hand of Death.
Modern Prometheus, snatching fire from Heaven,
To light the altars of his country's cause,
To whom authority and power were given
To show and teach the great eternal laws.
He, whose immortal song shall echo loud
Through the dark chasms of the furthest Time,
Drowning the clamour of th' ignoble crowd,
And calling hero hearts to deeds sublime.
He, the great champion of the long-oppressed,
Whose organ tones filled tyranny with fear,
Whose prayers to Heaven that wrong might be redressed,
Found there immediate and attentive ear.
Milton, his name.

The third, with rugged and ungarished mien,
Leonine glance, and strong and sturdy form;
Shoulders whereon an empire well might lean
Safe from the shocks of the impending storm.
A noble soul is beaming from the eyes
Beneath the shaggy and care-written brows,
And in that look a pledge sincere and wise,
More worth belief than oft-repeated vows.
'Tis he whose strong and never-swerving hand
Cuts down the upas tree that had begun
To flourish in this terror-stricken land,
And hid the brightening rays of freedom's sun.
Alone against a world in arms he stood,
Steadfast in faith, inflexible in will;
A Heaven-appointed ruler for our good,

To counsel, succour, moderate, and drill.
He is to me old England's proudest boast—
And her chief glory his immortal fame,
A guide and an example to the host
Of those who hate and those who love his name.
And that name—Cromwell.

As for the fourth, I scarcely dared to look
At his effulgent features, though he smiled
With pitying sweetness at me when I took
A fearful glance. But he, I thought, was styled
Michael, the Great Archangel.

Then Hampden broke the silence, and he said,
"Know ye us?" and I made reply, "I do,
And humbly ask the reason that has led
To this much honouring visit?" Then anew
Taking parole, he said, "There is a sign,
A wondrous portent in the thickening air,
That passeth all our knowledge to divine,
And seems alluring men we know not where.
What mean this warlike clamour, and this din
Of battle preparation in the land?
Is there some dreadful struggle to begin
At some great rebel's token of command?
Or are invaders drawing near the shore
To wrest from you the liberties we won,
Threatening each home shall feel the pangs of war,
And the great work of ages be undone?
Unfold us this!"

And then I made reply,
Slowly and sadly like a guilty thing,
"There is no call for Englishmen to die
Defending their own freedom, or to ring
The tocsin of rebellion;" and I stopped,
Too full of shame to speak another word,
And feeling every word, like metal, dropped
Molten into my brain; but they inferred
That there was more to say, and bade me speak,
So I resumed—"There are in other lands
Peoples on whom fell tyranny did wreak
For ages savage vengeance; and their hands
Were powerless to save them, and their woes
Cried out to Heaven for pity and for aid;
Nor cried in vain, for at the time arose
A great and strong avenger, who arrayed
His might for their assistance, and destroyed
The tyrant's power for ever. Then a crowd
Of hirelings in this country, all devoid
Of justice, truth, or mercy cried aloud
That in performing this immortal work
He who chastised the tyrant did intend
To do us evil, and that there did lurk
Beneath his pledges a design to bend
His gain to our destruction. Those who wield
The power and wealth of England do approve
The mad suggestion. And they have appealed
That the world's wheels may run in their old groove,
And that the Turk reap not what he has sown,
For with loud-voiced revilings they declare
England's chief buttress is the tyrant's throne—
And now you know for what we do prepare."

Then Milton said:
"Two centuries have passed since I essayed
To teach this land that freedom was a right
Not to be bought or sold. And patriots bled
Upholding this great maxim. Is the night
Descending upon England that her sons
See this no longer, but with darkened view
See but a phantom interest, that shuns
Their eager grasp?" And as he spoke he grew
Full of a saintly sadness, and he ceased.

Then Cromwell cried
In wrathful tones, whose ire each word increased:
"Was it for this your fathers fought and died,
Struggling to make this England great and free,
That you should now uphold a horrid wrong,
And at Belial's altar bow the knee?
When I was here my countrymen were strong
To fight against the devil, but it seems
That they are now his allies, and do feast
And fatten on his alms, are full of dreams
Born of the flesh." And in great wrath he ceased.

Then the light
Proceeding from the visage of the fourth
Grew more supremely radiant, and my sight,
Dazed by the splendour that did issue forth,
Could not discern him. But I heard these words:—
"If there should come to pass the thing you name,
Let England never more for mercy look.
Her past, her present, and her future fame
Shall be erased from the Golden Book.
Though human hands grasp that avenging sword,
Its every stroke is guided by the Lord."

I woke, and there was darkness.

THE POLICE ON THE SPREE.

[BY OUR OWN CONVIVIALIST.]

A LITTLE relaxation now and then is really a necessary of life. The unfortunate beggar, who is eternally grinding away at something or other, can hardly be said to live, although he may drag on a miserable existence; and happy is he who can so arrange matters as to be able to take his relaxation often. Nearly everybody manages to have a spree of more or less magnitude occasionally, and we need not, therefore, be at all surprised to find that the police indulge in a jollification. Of course, for aught I know to the contrary, they may indulge as individuals in many a spree, but as a body the police of this great city have one great annual spree, such festive gathering being of the nature of a soiree and ball. One of these remissions took place just recently, and, having a partiality for anything in the line of jollity, from christening parties to Conservative fuddles—though the latter are a little below my standard, I must confess—I was not at all backward in availing myself of the opportunity of being present. I looked forward to a pleasant gathering, but—and I may just remark that I am usually looked upon as somewhat of an authority on such matters—the reality far surpassed my expectations, the affair being quite immense. To say that the new Town Hall was the scene of a most brilliant assemblage is to put the thing mildly. I, seasoned old stager as I consider myself, was quite knocked out of time. I could hardly credit the fact that the swells who were to be seen on either side were connected with the police force; and I can assure you the thing must be seen to be believed. The ordinary common lobby or detective on duty is quite a cat of another colour compared with the officer *en fête*. It took me all my time to realise that the radiant, dress-coated, patent-leather-booted, perfumed, be-flowered gentlemen, who never seemed to lack partners for the dance, nor the necessary skill and go to make the dance a success, were city detectives, whose wink is sufficient to paralyse a thief, and whose scowl would almost annihilate a whole regiment of rogues and vagabonds. Hardly could one believe that the smiling faces and jovial voices to be seen and heard all around one belonged to, at other times, grim and resolute superintendents, inspectors, and the like, who know well enough what it is to be roughly handled and what it is, also, to handle folks in not the most genteel manner always in return. And then the ladies! I candidly confess that I did not expect that the representatives of the fair sex would be up to much, but I most willingly acknowledge my error. Of course there were plenty of bad and indifferent, but then what "lashings" of good there were to be found. Such waists to be clasped in a waltz; such hands to be squeezed whenever occasion served; such eyes for languishing; such trim feet and ankles? Fortunately or unfortunately, my hash is settled, and I am therefore proof against female charms and blandishments; but upon my word I pity the marriageable bachelor who had to run the gauntlet of the charmers at the police ball. The case of the donkey between the two bundles of hay would be as nothing in comparison with his plight. It is very evident that policemen are in no want of good-looking ladies as wives, sisters, sweethearts, and acquaintances; and, bearing this fact in mind, and with the recollection of the beauty which it was my good fortune to see at the ball, how can I describe the disgust which possesses me when I think of a policeman bowing down before the greasy attractions of a fat cook! The thing is monstrous, and the bobby who would so degrade himself for the sake of stomach should receive condign punishment; such as, say, exclusion from the annual ball until such time as he repented of his grievous misconduct. And with this eminently practical suggestion I will bid farewell to my police friends, kissing my hand most loyally to the ladies, and pledging the males in right hearty fashion as "jolly good fellows."

A SETTLED QUESTION.

THOSE disagreeable people who will keep prying into a public man's antecedents have lately been much exercised with respect to the political creed professed by the Premier at his first entry into public life. These anxious souls may now be at rest, for the problem is definitely and satisfactorily solved by the following extracts, which we have much pleasure in quoting:—

Manchester Courier, March 4.

Manchester Guardian, March 4.

GEO. W. HOWE.—In a biography of Mr. Disraeli, published by Messrs. Beeton, and written with an evident Liberal bias, it is said that in December, 1834, Lord Durham, a Radical leader, and the Marquis of Chandos, a staunch Tory, endeavoured to enlist the services of Disraeli; that a week or so afterwards he made his choice between them, and chose to be a "true blue;" that on December 17th he delivered a long speech at High Wycombe; that in that speech he said not one word about triennial parliaments or vote by ballot; and that "the entire address was one long argument in favour of the Tory administration." The writer of the biography adds that—"in spite, however, of Tory tyranny, Tory money, and Mr. Disraeli's skill, the victory once more remained with the Liberal candidate."

R. G.—Our authority for stating that Lord Beaconsfield contested Wycombe in the Radical interest is the best that could be adduced—his own speeches and the formal addresses he issued to the electors. He advocated the ballot, triennial parliaments, and retrenchment, and was recommended to the constituency by Bulwer Lytton (then an advanced Radical), Joseph Hume, Sir F. Burdett, and O'Connell. Here is an extract from an address, dated October 1, 1832:—"Rid yourselves of all that political jargon and factious slang of Whig and Tory—two names with one meaning, used only to delude you."

MISS BECKER'S VIEWS OF MARRIED BLISS.

MISS LYDIA BECKER, we are sure, would count ourselves amongst her most enthusiastic admirers. Therefore, what we now say respecting her will be taken in good part. Neither we nor anyone else would presume to doubt her motives, which are always good. Yet we cannot for the life of us understand why she allows certain contributions to creep into the *Woman's Suffrage Journal*. Take the current number of that useful paper, for example. For what purpose did Miss Becker give publicity to the following?—"Of wives killed and tortured during the month, we happen to have observed the reports of the following cases: On February 9th, John Burns, mason's labourer, Sunderland, killed his wife by striking her in the throat with a poker, which penetrated about a quarter of an inch. Burns was arrested. The parties have been married about twenty years. At Preston, on February 25th, Thomas Wheeler, jeweller, was charged with attempting to murder his wife by shooting at her. She had had to seek refuge at a neighbour's house in consequence of his ill-treatment; he went for her, and because she would not go with him, fired a revolver. The bullet went into the woodwork of the door, and missed his wife. An Irish labourer is in custody at Sheffield charged with setting his wife on fire. The woman returned home intoxicated, and was put to bed by the neighbours. Subsequently the prisoner locked the house door, and set the bed on fire. The woman sustained injuries which it is likely will result in death. Undoubtedly the woman ought not to have come home drunk, but if all drunkards were punished by being burned alive, the country would have to perform an *auto-da-fé* on a very extended scale." Why, we repeat, did the able editress of the *Woman's Suffrage Journal* give a sensational article like this a place in its proper pages? Was it that she is anxious to justify her own prolonged continuance in a state of single blessedness, as well as do all she can to discourage matrimonial longings on the part of her numerous young lady friends? We pause for a reply.

A QUESTION.

THE Ruler of a ravaged ruined State
Sighed out, in lonely sadness, "God is great,"
Then meekly yielded to his bitter fate.
His victor paid his thanks to God and man.
By kissing Mary's image, the Kagan.
Which had the faith—the Turk or Russian?

REMEDY FOR DEFECTIVE VISION.

W. ARONBERG has made it his special study to adapt Spectacles and Eye Glasses so as to remedy, and, so far as possible, completely remove, the inconveniences which arise from defective sight.—12, VICTORIA STREET.



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That Mr. Houldsworth has been pitching into Beaconsfield, advocating the County Franchise, and generally discouraging, as far as he dare, the pretensions of the Beer-and-Bible Party.

That Messrs. Touchstone, Blatherwick, and Stutter say they wont stand it.

That Houldsworth himself is beginning to suspect that he wont stand either.

That the *Liverpool and Southport Daily News* mentions a report that "Verax," the able writer in the *Weekly Times*, is none other than the Right Hon. Robert Lowe.

That such wild guesses shouldn't be allowed.

That the Scottish Corps, now being formed, promises to be one of the strongest volunteer regiments in Manchester.

That there will be a liberal display of tartan, but none of leg.

That, nevertheless, the Scotchmen of Manchester don't undervalue their understandings.

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That at the meeting of the Salford Town Council, on Wednesday, Mr. Alderman Mc.Kerrow submitted a proposal for the Corporation purchasing a steam fire engine.

That Mr. Middlehurst thought it was undesirable to go to this expense "under present circumstances."

That Mr. Alderman Mc.Kerrow's motion was carried, for all that.

That Mr. Middlehurst need not be afraid, for, powerful as the engine may be, it will never be able to extinguish the fire of his genius—for an obvious reason.

That Mr. Middlehurst's mills are not in any danger from fire or anything else.

That he thinks more of British Interests (in Armenia and Bulgaria) than of British Interests in Salford.

That this is a way with Tories of the Middlehurst type.

That the officials of the Manchester Corporation are thinking of getting up a complimentary dinner to Mr. Conncillor Harwood, after his kind endeavours to prevent them from overtaxing their strength by doing private work in their own time.

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That one of these effects has been to make Mr. J. Little believe that whisky is infernal stuff if it bears an Irish brand.

That another is that a terrible Griffin, who used often to scare the Council, has become quite mild, and has not protested against anything for at least two months.

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That the reading of their long reports has led this week to a large consumption of water—with something in it.

That, after hearing what Mr. Grundy has to say, we need not be afraid of what Mrs. Grundy will say about the Thirlmere scheme.

That, paradoxically enough, the Town Clerk's evidence before the Select Committee, though thoroughly Heronous, was a very accurate résumé of the whole case.

That for him no divinity doth hedge a king.

That the Committee seem fully to recognise the Grave-ity of the situation.

That the engineer is determined to make no a-Bateman in his plans.

That Sir Edmund Beckett was rather hard on the Countess Ossalinsky.

That if her ladyship gets into the witness-box she will Polish him off.

That, luckily, Sir Edmund has the assistance of an infallible Pope.

That the Eastern Question is nothing compared with the Thirlmere Question.

That it is not true that Sir Joseph Heron lost his temper when under cross-examination.

That Sir Joseph never loses his temper.

That the Bishop of Salford, having finished his list of Russian atrocities, is now preparing for the press a remarkable and startling story about a cock and a bull.

That everybody wants to know what has become of his much Vaughnated common-sense.

That he would have us believe the Emperor of Russia almost as bad as Pope John XXII., or the Duke of Alva, or Philip II. of Spain, or Torquenda, or Queen Mary of England, or any other similarly mild and tolerant Catholics.

That the *Daily Telegraph* thinks we need not sing "Rule Britannia" any more, since it is all up with this effete old country.

That to save the "honour" of England, the *Telegraph* is prepared to fight to the very last—with pen and ink.

That the same journal is solemnly of opinion that the only terms of peace that will be thought satisfactory to this country are the cession of St. Petersburg and Moscow, with the territory adjacent, to Turkey, and the payment by Russia of a war indemnity of £5,000,000,000,000,000,000, 19s. 11½d.

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That the Manchester Athenæum is a very valuable institution.

That, nevertheless, some of its members really have not, as they seem to think, a sort of divine right to manage the Junior Reform Club.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE REFORM CLUB.

BY riches uncorrupted and unbought,
Anxious to teach and by experience taught,
Devoid of pride, except in noble cause,
And ever pressing onward without pause,
By manifold temptations sorely tried,
But ever faithful to the people's side.
Open of hand, magnanimous of heart,
Candid and true, and genial without art,
A generous foe, a firm and honest friend,
For country ready to be spent and spend.
We want a leader for our willing host,
And with acclaim to you assign the post.

CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.

CONSERVATIVE CLUB FINANCES.

WE have a note from a very prominent member of the Conservative Club in reference to our article of last week on the finances of the Reform and the Conservative Clubs, in which he states, in effect, that the balance sheet of the Conservative Club is in one particular somewhat incorrect. We gave the "rent and taxes" as £3,216. 10s. 7d., copying exactly what the balance sheet stated; but our correspondent, for whom everybody who knows him has the greatest respect, states that in that item there is included several charges, such as house duty, £87. 10s.; insurance, £20. 18s. 9d.; part of poor rate for 1876, £237. 14s. 10d.; allowance per annum to Junior Conservative Club for rent, £150, and so on—the net result being that the rent is £2,200, and the taxes £340. 7s., so that for rent and taxes only the amount is £2,540. 7s. To show that we had no wish to exaggerate the obligations of the Conservative Club, perhaps the best plan will be to give the balance sheet as it appears:—

CONSERVATIVE CLUB.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Dr.	From January 1st, 1877, to December 31st, 1877.	Cr.	
EXPENDITURE.			
Dec. 31, 1877.	£ s. d.	Dec. 31, 1877.	£ s. d.
Rent and taxes.....	3216 10 7	Balance, being profit.....	1929 19 2
Coal and gas.....	33 14 9	INCOME.	
Salaries and wages.....	326 9 0	Dec. 31, 1877.	£ s. d.
Printing and sta- tionery.....	100 15 8	Subscriptions from annual members.....	4360 18 0
Postage and petty cash.....	19 6 8	Hire of private dining-rooms....	19 10 0
Miscellaneous ex- penses, servants' board, washing, &c.....	204 5 6	Hire of brush, lockers, &c.....	15 0 0
Books, periodicals, newspapers, &c.....	137 7 10	Sundry sales.....	13 8 9
Liveries.....	157 2 0		4408 11 9
Brushes, combs, &c.....	40 15 6		
	<hr/> 4398 6 8		
Depreciation of fur- niture, fixtures, &c.....	835 7 0		
Alterations and re- pairs.....	48 5 2		
Junior Conserva- tive Club—allow- ance for property incorrectly includ- ed in valuation.....	99 19 2		
	<hr/> 933 11 4		
Bank interest & commission.....	72 15 1		
Balance.....	1015 17 10		
	<hr/> £6398 10 11		<hr/> £6398 10 11

Dr.	BALANCE SHEET.				Cr.		
CAPITAL AND LIABILITIES.			PROPERTY AND ASSETS.				
Dec. 31, 1876.	£	s.	d.	Dec. 31, 1877.	£	s.	d.
Capital, being the amt. of entrance fees and life members' subscription's received to this date, Dec. 31, '77.	9083	6	0	Furniture and fixtures, including architect's commission	11867	18	10
Entrance fees of 113 annual members at £10. 10s.....	1130	10	0	Silver plate and cutlery	1743	1	11
				Glass, china, &c.....	765	19	0
				House and table linen	554	18	7
				Decorations.....	2326	4	4
Amount due to sundry tradesmen.....	1148	18	1		16758	2	8
Amount due to bank	8652	16	8	Less depreciation (5 per cent)	835	7	0
Balance of profit and loss account.....	1015	17	10				
				Sundry amounts due to the Club	164	8	8
	£16087	4	4		£16087	4	4

February 12th, 1878.

ROBERT EDWARD JOHNSON,
Secretary.

February 15th, 1878.

Audited and found correct.
J. KINDER LAWTON, Public Accountant.

As will be seen from the above sheet, the Club began the year with a balance of £1,829. 19s. 2d., and ended it with a balance of £1,015. 17s. 10d., showing, on the working of the year, a loss of not less than £814. 1s. 4d. That, of itself, would not alarm the members who have been making such a tremendous row in the Club, but for the fact that on the "assets" only five per cent is allowed for depreciation. It is customary to allow 15 per cent on such assets as furniture, and if that had been done the loss for the year would have been £2,442 instead of £814. Whether it is stated or not the sagacious members of the Club know full well that £2,442 is the actual loss for the year, and consequently they are in a considerable funk. If 15 per cent had been taken off for depreciation instead of five, then it

would not have been so ludicrous to take as "assets" the "architect's commission," and £2,226. 4s. 4d. for "decorations." A friend of ours thinks it is an excellent idea to take into account as an asset the "architect's commission," and he tells us that for the future when he reckons up his affairs he will insert all his old doctor's bills. That very nearly leads us to repeat some of the jokes made at the special meeting of the Club which was lately held, to have a row about the finances, &c. But we forbear with this remark, that some of the jokes of the Rev. Mr. Reynolds, who is a member of the committee of the Club, are circulating in every taproom in Manchester, but as they were not of a comely character we cannot give them in these columns. Our contention then remains unaltered. The Reform Club has £1,450 in the bank, and has all the furniture, plate, &c., &c. paid for and to the good; whereas the Conservative Club takes its furniture, &c., as assets, and owes the bank £3,652, and to "sundry tradesmen" £1,148, so that it is in debt £4,800. Our courteous correspondent from the Conservative Club kindly informs us that the "rent of the Union Club consists of chief rent and interest on a loan of £12,950, raised for building purposes, and held by the members." That, at five per cent, would be £627 for rent, but we believe that only four per cent is paid, so that the rent is somewhere about £520. Of course, the age of the Union places it at an enormous advantage over the Conservative in the question of rent, but it should have no advantage in the question of taxes. Our correspondent says he "believes" we were wrong in saying, last week, that the Union was only taxed at £1,250, and he gives it as a fact, that it is taxed at £1,800. We do not wonder that he could not believe that it was only taxed at £1,250, for when we first heard of it we also could scarcely believe it. It is monstrously unjust to all the ratepayers of Manchester that a splendid Club like the Union should only be rated at £1,250, while an upstairs concern like the Conservative should be taxed at £1,667. Even such a third-class building as the Clarendon, with almost no ground floor, is rated at £667; the Reform Club is rated at its full value, at £1,250; the Junior Conservative at £484, and the Junior Reform at £396. These valuations are all fair enough except the Union, which must be raised to at least £3,000 before justice is done to other ratepayers.

A WAR SONG.

[BY A NON-COMBATANT.]



MARTIAL ardour now inspires
Britannia's soul at last;
Once more the banner of our sires
Shall flutter on the blast;
Ignoble peace shall hide her head,
Her votaries be banished,
And blood and glory reign instead—
All silly talk has vanished.
No more shall Britain fold her hands
In safe and sordid ease;
The peaceful queen of many lands,
The mistress of the seas.
For gore and glory now she pants,
To these her fond devotions!
No longer swayed by sycophants
With sentimental notions.
A craven he who first shall flinch,
Or rôle of coward play!—
I feel a Briton every inch,
My soul is in the fray.
For if we conquer—as we will—
Who talks of not succeeding?
'Twill furnish a delightful thrill
And most exciting reading.
On! Britons, on! defeat your foes!
Like heroes as you are,
Encouraged by the cheers of those
Who watch you from afar!
And if your bravery should meet—
Surmise is not prophetic—
By dire mischance, with bad defeat,
I'll still be sympathetic.

What, what are wounds, and blood, and death,
In view of endless fame?
What matters death, so honour's breath
Is breathed upon your name?
Your praise shall live in many a tome,
While I, for your assistance,
Am full of fighting here at home,
And cheer you at a distance!

TO SMOKERS: { Mounted Briars, Meerschaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description. } WITHECOMB, 32 VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.



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CONSERVATIVE CLUB FINANCES.

WE have a note from a very prominent member of the Conservative Club in reference to our article of last week on the finances of the Reform and the Conservative Clubs, in which he states, in effect, that the balance sheet of the Conservative Club is in one particular somewhat incorrect. We gave the "rent and taxes" as £3,216. 10s. 7d., copying exactly what the balance sheet stated; but our correspondent, for whom everybody who knows him has the greatest respect, states that in that item there is included several charges, such as house duty, £87. 10s.; insurance, £20. 18s. 9d.; part of poor rate for 1876, £237. 14s. 10d.; allowance per annum to Junior Conservative Club for rent, £150, and so on—the net result being that the rent is £2,200, and the taxes £340. 7s., so that for rent and taxes only the amount is £2,540. 7s. To show that we had no wish to exaggerate the obligations of the Conservative Club, perhaps the best plan will be to give the balance sheet as it appears:—

CONSERVATIVE CLUB.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Dr.	From January 1st, 1877, to December 31st, 1877.	Cr.
EXPENDITURE.		
Dec. 31, 1877.	£ s. d.	
Rent and taxes.....	3216 10 7	
Coal and gas.....	83 14 9	
Salaries and wages.....	826 9 0	
Printing and stationery.....	100 15 8	
Postage and petty cash.....	19 6 8	
Miscellaneous expenses, servants' board, washing, &c.....	204 5 6	
Books, periodicals, newspapers, &c.....	157 7 10	
Liveries.....	157 2 0	
Brushes, combs, &c.....	40 15 6	
	4326 0 8	
Depreciation of furniture, fixtures, &c.....	885 7 0	
Alterations and repairs.....	48 5 2	
Junior Conservative Club—allowance for property incorrectly included in valuation.....	99 19 2	
	923 11 4	
Bank interest & commission.....	72 15 1	
Balance.....	1015 17 10	
	£6298 10 11	
INCOME.		
Dec. 31, 1877.	£ s. d.	
Balance, being profit.....	1829 19 2	
Subscriptions from annual members.....	360 18 0	
Hire of private dining-rooms.....	19 10 0	
Hire of brush, lockers, &c.....	15 0 0	
Sundry sales.....	13 8 9	
	4408 11 9	
	£6298 10 11	

would not have been so ludicrous to take as "assets" the "architect's commission," and £2,226. 4s. 4d. for "decorations." A friend of ours thinks it is an excellent idea to take into account as an asset the "architect's commission," and he tells us that for the future when he reckons up his affairs he will insert all his old doctor's bills. That very nearly leads us to repeat some of the jokes made at the special meeting of the Club which was lately held, to have a row about the finances, &c. But we forbear with this remark, that some of the jokes of the Rev. Mr. Reynolds, who is a member of the committee of the Club, are circulating in every taproom in Manchester, but as they were not of a comely character we cannot give them in these columns. Our contention then remains unaltered. The Reform Club has £1,450 in the bank, and has all the furniture, plate, &c., &c. paid for and to the good; whereas the Conservative Club takes its furniture, &c., as assets, and owes the bank £3,652, and to "sundry tradesmen" £1,148, so that it is in debt £4,800. Our courteous correspondent from the Conservative Club kindly informs us that the "rent of the Union Club consists of chief rent and interest on a loan of £12,950, raised for building purposes, and held by the members." That, at five per cent, would be £627 for rent, but we believe that only four per cent is paid, so that the rent is somewhere about £520. Of course, the age of the Union places it at an enormous advantage over the Conservative in the question of rent, but it should have no advantage in the question of taxes. Our correspondent says he "believes" we were wrong in saying, last week, that the Union was only taxed at £1,250, and he gives it as a fact that it is taxed at £1,800. We do not wonder that he could not believe that it was only taxed at £1,250, for when we first heard of it we also could scarcely believe it. It is monstrously unjust to all the ratepayers of Manchester that a splendid Club like the Union should only be rated at £1,250, while an upstairs concern like the Conservative should be taxed at £1,667. Even such a third-class building as the Clarendon, with almost no ground floor, is rated at £667; the Reform Club is rated at its full value, at £1,250; the Junior Conservative at £484, and the Junior Reform at £396. These valuations are all fair enough except the Union, which must be raised to at least £3,000 before justice is done to other ratepayers.

A WAR SONG.

[BY A NON-COMBATANT.]



MARTIAL ardour now inspires
 Britannia's soul at last;
 Once more the banner of our sires
 Shall flutter on the blast;
 Ignoble peace shall hide her head,
 Her votaries be banished,
 And blood and glory reign instead—
 All silly talk has vanished.

No more shall Britain fold her hands
 In safe and sordid ease;
 The peaceful queen of many lands,
 The mistress of the seas.
 For gore and glory now she pants,
 To these her fond devotees!
 No longer swayed by sycophants
 With sentimental notions.

A craven he who first shall flinch,
 Or rôle of coward play!
 I feel a Briton every inch,
 My soul is in the fray.

For if we conquer—as we will—
 Who talks of not succeeding?
 'Twill furnish a delightful thrill
 And most exciting reading.

On! Britons, on! defeat your foes!
 Like heroes as you are,
 Encouraged by the cheers of those
 Who watch you from afar!
 And if your bravery should meet—
 Surmise is not prophetic—
 By dire mischance, with bad defeat,
 I'll still be sympathetic.

What, what are wounds, and blood, and death,
 In view of endless fame?
 What matters death, so honour's breath
 Is breathed upon your name?
 Your praise shall live in many a tome,
 While I, for your assistance,
 Am full of fighting here at home,
 And cheer you at a distance!

Dr.	BALANCE SHEET.	Cr.
CAPITAL AND LIABILITIES.		
Dec. 31, 1876.	£ s. d.	
Capital, being the amt. of entrance fees and life members' subscriptions received to this date, Dec. 31, 77.....	9083 6 9	
Entrance fees of 113 annual members at £10. 10s.....	1130 10 0	
	10209 16 9	
Amount due to sundry tradesmen.....	1148 13 1	
Amount due to bank.....	8662 16 8	
Balance of profit and loss account.....	1015 17 10	
	£16097 4 4	
PROPERTY AND ASSETS.		
Dec. 31, 1877.	£ s. d.	
Furniture and fixtures, including architect's commission.....	11867 18 10	
Silver plate and cutlery.....	1743 1 11	
Glass, china, &c.....	765 19 0	
House and table linen.....	554 18 7	
Decorations.....	2826 4 4	
	16758 2 8	
Less depreciation (5 per cent).....	885 7 0	
	15923 15 8	
Sundry amounts due to the Club.....	164 8 8	
	£16097 4 4	

February 12th, 1878.

ROBERT EDWARD JOHNSON,
Secretary.

February 15th, 1878.

Audited and found correct,
J. KINDER LAWTON, Public Accountant.

As will be seen from the above sheet, the Club began the year with a balance of £1,829. 19s. 2d., and ended it with a balance of £1,015. 17s. 10d., showing, on the working of the year, a loss of not less than £814. 1s. 4d. That, of itself, would not alarm the members who have been making such a tremendous row in the Club, but for the fact that on the "assets" only five per cent is allowed for depreciation. It is customary to allow 15 per cent on such assets as furniture, and if that had been done the loss for the year would have been £2,442 instead of £814. Whether it is stated or not the sagacious members of the Club know full well that £2,442 is the actual loss for the year, and consequently they are in a considerable funk. If 15 per cent had been taken off for depreciation instead of five, then it

TO SMOKERS: { Mounted Briars, Meerschaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description. } WITHECOMB, 32 VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.

MANCHESTER ACADEMY OF ARTS.

THERE are few more delightful social gatherings in Manchester, though the town is famous for its pleasant reunions, than those which accompany the opening of the annual exhibition of the Manchester Academy. They have always been agreeable occasions for friendly meetings, or the exchange of notes in artistic criticism, and have always been in a certain sense looked forward to; but it is only within the last two or three years that they have admittedly become one of the most attractive of our assemblies, giving all the opportunities of gossip for which Society—with a large S—resorts to the St. Cecilia concerts, and amid surroundings very much more agreeable. This increasing popularity and importance is no doubt at once a sign and a consequence of the increasing influence and strength of the Academy itself. That institution, after a period in which it was worse than useless, and another period in which it began to display a wish and a power to do good, has now reached a third stage of development, and attained a recognised and honourable position in the working world of art. It is strong no less in regard to numbers than in regard to the acknowledged talent of its members. Its honorary members include two Royal Academicians, Messrs. Fred Leighton and Alfred Elmore; one A.R.A., Mr. T. O. Barlow; an artist who ought long since to have been made an Academician, Mr. J. D. Watson; and there are, also, Sir Noel Paton, Mr. J. Stephenson, and Mr. Warrington Wood. The ordinary members, that is, those who have a right to append to their names M.M.A., are one more than the number of the Royal Academy, and the associates are fifteen, while by the generous extension of the privileges of the order, eight ladies have been admitted under the title of exhibitors; so that altogether the Academy is composed of seventy-three persons. The local artists are, of course, known more or less to wide circles of friends, and these friends and their friends are all desirous of seizing the first opportunity of examining the work which represents the industry of Manchester artists during the autumn and winter months. There are collectors, too, who have the same wish, and who are eager to be first in the field of selection; and to these must be added the sprinkling of loungers and men about town who go everywhere and see everything; and here we have the composition of the company who welcome the coming round of private view day and the *conversazione*.

Before the *conversazione*, however, there is a more select day still. We do not mean that the visitor will be allowed to thrust himself upon the committees of selection and hanging; but when the lambs have been chosen and the goats rejected into utter darkness, and when the pictures have been arranged on the walls, there comes what is known as Varnishing Day, and that is the best time, if you can get in by hook or by crook, for seeing the pictures freely. The assistants on such occasions are, firstly, the artists; secondly, the critics; and thirdly, the favoured few. The artists, most of them with pipes in their mouths, are either varnishing or going about putting finishing touches to their works. The light in the studio where the picture was placed upon an easel is one thing, and the light in the exhibition-room another. It happens constantly that the painter finds it necessary, when his work is hung in the fierce light that rests upon the walls, to modify this effect, or heighten that. Everyone present is busy in one way or another, but there is a free-and-easy air about the whole business. The smoking, for instance, looks strange, and yet it makes everyone feel at home. The gifted Tonist, whose transcripts of nature always seems to have been dabbed with blotting paper before the colours were dry, is rolling cigarettes as rapidly as Fortune, and he was the fastest smoker of the Roman Spanish School. The Josef Israels of Manchester—the painter of "The Winter Sheepfold" and "The Morecambe Mussle-Gatherers"—inhales his nicotine through the short stem of a modern pipe. The favourite of Pont Aven, whose landscapes exhibit such rare combinations of exquisite colour and tender feeling, consoles his soul also with cigarettes. The Oldham Cox and the Oldham Teniers do not smoke much; but the wild Welshmen, from the convivial hermit of Conway, or the lively recluse of Talycafn, down to the youngest member of the Cymric brotherhood, prefer pipes. It is not our business to report their criticisms of one another's work. This may be said, however, that there is none of the acerbity, or envy, or jealousy, which the outside public is inclined to look upon as the ordinary feeling of artists towards one another. If one striking work is there—striking in subject or colour, or in brilliance of sky or transparency of water—depend upon it that the first to say a word of praise to its author is always a brother artist, and the praise is given from the heart ungrudgingly.

The "private view" is probably the day better known to the most of picture buyers and picture lovers; and on such a day the galleries of the Royal Institution are thronged. There are men there, some who know a good picture when they see one, and some who, knowing nothing of art, always are careful to look at the name of the artist before they dare to say whether a work is good or bad. You can tell the difference between the two classes very easily. The one set—the "knowing ones," as we are forced to translate the *cognoscenti*—go round the room without catalogues or other guides to the authorship of the claimants to their admiration. They know that if a work strikes them, and they want to know who has produced it, they can find his name in a corner of the canvas. They stand close by and examine it; they retire a few yards back, and look at its broad effects; they raise a finger or a hand to see if one part "tones" with another, or if this figure or that house would not be better left out. They, like Mark Twain's Egyptians, are aware of that which they are about, and do not need any assistance, except, indeed, they have occasionally to refer to the ever-present and genial Hamer to know what is, or what ought to be, the price. But the others, who are the "unknowing"—their method is very different. They are careful to buy a catalogue at the gate. They are careful to look at the number of every picture. They are careful to refer to that number in the catalogue to see what is the subject and who is the painter. They are then careful to say, "Ah! Watson—a Jester; vastly humorous, indeed;" or, "Oh, that's a bit of Rothwell's—very painstaking;" or, "Dear me! I thought that was Hagne's. Don't you notice how much he follows Corot; or Mark Fisher! Who is he? Not a well-known Manchester name. Suppose he is a youngster;" or "You see that old woman; that's by Knight; fine fellow's Knight. Don't know much about him myself; but the Royal Academy bought one of his pictures, and this has been secured for Salford Museum." That is the style of the talk even on private view day which you hear from the would-be connoisseurs who parade the rooms with a catalogue, and a loud voice, and, like Poe's Raven, "nothing more." The private view has also its social uses. All the world and his wife are there. You must be very insignificant if you do not know either the world or his spouse, and the chances are that you will be constantly meeting with someone or other with whom you are on speaking terms. If you do, the subject of conversation is at once suggested by the objects hung around you. "Percy's very strong this year." "Yes, he really seems to be getting more inspired in his portraiture. That head is fully equal to Watts'." "How do you like that head of Milner?" "Well, it's very clever and excellent in all its technical qualities; but, you see, it doesn't seem to be the Milner I know." "Why?" "It is difficult to explain; but if you ever saw the man leaping and bounding over a tract of moorland, or had walked with him down the Derbyshire Vales, or had heard him making a humorous speech at his literary club, or, better still, had ever met him in his fine old mansion in the bosom of his family, you would be thoroughly familiar with an expression on his face which, though it is characteristic of the man, you do not catch in the counterfeit presentment. The fact is, the portrait is too stern, cooling, and constrained for a genial, beaming man like George Milner, and that is the only fault I have to find with it." "Watson has only one work," says someone else. "Yes, and Marsh isn't here, and, putting aside that principal portrait, Knight is very badly represented." "Why, I like that landscape of his very much." "Like that! like that red and brown and pink abomination? It's worse than his 'Poachers,' and that showed, I thought, in an extreme degree, how far London popularity could spoil a good artist. No, 'Conway Marsh' may suit Salford, but it is not up to the mark of the Joseph Knight whose works I used to admire six or seven years ago." "Young Meredith's getting on," someone says; "Did you see that bit of water in the corner of the first room? What a splendid effect the fellow has got out of the water, and, then, the contrasting white and brown sails, and the delicious atmosphere which fills the space—why I declare in some respects it is worthy of Bonington." "Yes, Meredith's showing very well, and so are Houghton Hagne and Partington; but I confess that the prevailing idea I have is that the general character of the exhibition is prettiness, and prettiness, you know, isn't high art." "What do you mean by prettiness?" "Why, things painted solely to please the popular notion of what is beautiful. There is too much of high colour; too much of conventional subject; too much of what I should call amateur's work, to make any memory of the collection lasting in a mind which happens to have better memories to fall back on." Thus does

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the talk run on among the men; but among the women the remarks take a different line. "How nice!" "How pretty!" "How awfully delicious!" and so on runs the current of their discourse; and we may be suspected of courting the favour of their "awfully delicious" sex if we say that on the whole this is an exhibition which will be especially liked by women whose ideal of art is what they call either nice or pretty.

The *conversazione* always follows the private view, and if you saw all the world and his wife at the one, you see half-a-dozen worlds and their connections at the other. Everybody you know, and everybody that everybody you know knows, will, on such occasions as last Tuesday night, be found walking, or, we should rather say, insinuating their way by dint of elbow or shoulder, through the crowd about the room. It was, indeed, on Tuesday a gay and festive throng. There was no possibility of seeing the pictures, and if people did not go to see and be seen, we must assume that they went to talk and be talked to. One thing about the *conversazione* attracts the notice of one who has known them for some years. That is the difference in the artists of to-day and the artists of a time ago. Our Manchester painters when they went in for new methods and original styles went in also, it seemed, for utter unconventionality as regards dress. They wore the strangest coats, the queerest hats, and in some cases the longest hair. They would not dress for these dress assemblies. They scorned the formal hypocrisy of a white tie, and refuse to believe with Carlyle that there was safety in a swallow-tail. If you saw them at the meetings—and if they were there you could not fail to see them—they were in their habit as they worked, and in no other. But now if one looked round for the artists where were they? At the private view you might have seen some extravagance in fies, if only in the case of the artist from Wales, whose headgear looked like a Welsh hat which a stout Welshwoman had sat upon. The artists who come to the *conversazione* now do so like ordinary human beings. They are gentlemen, and they look like them in outward seeming. They have swallowed their objections to the Cambric tie, and recalled their oaths against claw-hammers. They are for the nonce ordinary members of society, and we of the outer pale must confess to them that we are grateful that they have ceased to remind us that a man who can paint is necessarily, as regards clothing, a member of a superior and freer order of creation.

VOLUNTEERS FIGHTING AMONGST THEMSELVES.

WE have good authority for stating that when a house is divided against itself that house cannot stand. No doubt the same thing would be as true about volunteers as it is about houses. Well, we regret to hear that the Wilmslow and Alderley Edge Rifle Volunteer Corps has been, and perhaps still is, in a state of "pie." The row seems to have been going on for some twelve months. How it began, we know not; but, judging from official information before us, it appears to have been brought to a climax by a quarrel between Captain John Towers and Assistant-Surgeon Thomas Shaw. The story is altogether such an interesting one that it will be best to allow these gentlemen to give their own version of it. Both addressed Colonel Sir C. W. Shakerley, Bart., commander of the battalion, on the subject. This is what Assistant-Surgeon Shaw said:—

"On the evening of Friday, the 11th of May, 1877, I attended at the Head-quarters of the 27th C.R.V., as I have been in the habit of doing frequently since I joined the corps. Arriving there, I found several of the men anxiously expecting their uniforms, which had been promised from Crewe that night, and were particularly wanted for the review at Adlington the following day. Seeing their disappointment, I told Sergeant-Instructor Medcalf that if they did not arrive by an early train on the following morning he might wire to Crewe at my expense. Accordingly, the following morning, he came to my house for the money, and I thought nothing further of the matter until I arrived in uniform at parade at 2 p.m. On entering the drill-room I saluted Captain Towers, as usual, who, without returning my salute, came up to me and said, 'I beg to inform you that it is your duty to salute me as your commanding officer upon coming upon parade.' I replied, 'I have already done so.' He then said, 'Let me request in future, Assistant-Surgeon Shaw, that you will mind your own business, and if you don't I will teach you how.' I said, 'I do not know to what you refer,' being at the moment in entire ignorance of what he meant. He then said, 'Have you telegraphed to Crewe or not?' I replied that I had not, but had given the Sergeant money for that purpose. He then repeated his first statement as to minding my business. I answered, 'If you had one particle of common sense you would see at once that my object was for the good of the corps, and it is neither the time nor place to address me in such a manner.' To

this he replied, 'Shut up, and let the matter drop; if I want any common sense I won't come to you for it.' These are as nearly as possible the words used, and the conversation took place within three paces of the rank and file, and I leave it to you to say whether, as a commissioned officer of the corps, I can with proper self-respect continue to serve under an officer who thinks fit to treat me thus, and I must decline to have any further communication with the Captain commanding the 27th C.R.V."

Captain Towers puts the matter thus:—

"In accordance with instructions I herewith recount the circumstances which occurred at Head-quarters, Wilmslow, on Saturday, the 9th of May last, relative to Assistant-Surgeon Shaw and myself. At two o'clock Assistant-Surgeon Shaw made his appearance upon parade, and, in the most marked manner, marched straight up to me without the slightest sign of recognition beyond a very familiar nod of the head. Taking him on one side, I said, 'Doctor, you have forgotten your salute; you should always salute on coming first on to parade.' He replied, 'I did salute.' I said, 'I certainly did not see you.' I then said, 'May I ask if you have telegraphed this morning to Crewe about the new clothing?' He replied, 'Why?' I said, 'Because I wish to know.' He said, 'Well, if I have, it's all for the best.' I then said, 'Allow me to remind you that such matters do not come within your province at all, and I shall be obliged if you will mind your own business and allow me to mind mine.' He said, 'Well, well, there is no necessity to lose your temper. I know my duty, and I shall do it.' My answer to this was, 'In this case you have exceeded it, and I shall be glad if it never occurs again.' He then said, to quote his own words, 'If you had one particle of common sense, you would see at once that my object was for the good of the corps.' I replied, literally, 'Thank you; I don't think it is your place to talk to me of common sense, and I am not quite sure that if I want it I shall come to you for it.' He then walked into the storeroom, and detained there in conversation Lieutenant Keyworth, who had in the meantime arrived, and I resumed the superintendence of the distribution of ammunition, haversacks, accoutrements, &c., which for the last hour and a half I had been engaged in doing. Assistant-Surgeon Shaw marched with us to Adlington Park, but after the line of contiguous columns had been formed for inspection by Colonel Morant, he was not seen again until he passed us, in a conveyance with some ladies, on our homeward march. This, sir, is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Allow me now, sir, to add that upon more than one occasion of late I have had serious grounds of complaint against Assistant-Surgeon Shaw, but for the sake of peace and quietness I have been most wishful to overlook them. His letter to you, sir, convinces me however of the folly of this policy. His idea of *truthfulness*, and his utter inability to understand the meaning of discipline and respect for properly constituted authority, confirms me in the opinion that it would be better for me individually, and for the corps I have the honour of commanding, if this matter were brought before a court of inquiry. Should you decide, sir, upon this course, I shall be fully prepared to prove that upon two counts, at least, Assistant-Surgeon Shaw has laid himself open to the severest censure, if not, indeed, to something more serious. These are—(1) Vexatious interference in matters relating to the internal economy of the corps; (2) Using insulting language to me, his commanding officer, on parade.

The dates in these communications don't exactly tally. That is of small account, however. What we have to do with is the fact that matters were by no means satisfactory as regards the Wilmslow and Alderley Edge Volunteers. Colonel Shakerley in due course informed the Secretary of State for War that Captain Towers' "continuance in command of the corps was in his opinion inconsistent with its welfare." To cut a long story short, Mr. Hardy called upon Captain Towers to resign; Captain Towers demanded an official and rigid inquiry, but did not get it; Captain Towers at last resigned; and his resignation duly appeared in the *London Gazette* on the 5th ult. Captain Towers—who was a thoroughly competent officer—naturally feels aggrieved at the rough-and-ready treatment he has received; and we fear that it will be some time before the 27th Cheshire gets over the shock sustained by recent proceedings and the present exposure.

LIBELLING THE LAWYERS.

SOMEbody—no doubt the author—has sent us a long pamphlet, entitled "Solicitors and Law Societies," which is neither more nor less than a series of gross libels on our barristers and solicitors. The writer, after saying that no country is so over-ridden by priestcraft (or any other class) as ours is by the legal profession, proceeds to bring all sorts of grave accusations against the gentleman whom he so fiercely assails. The following extracts will give the reader some rough idea of the character of this precious publication:—

"If a man leads a steady, honourable, and honest life, saves a small fortune for his wife and children, trusting they will have the full benefit of it; as soon as he dies the widow has to employ a solicitor, and he invari-

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ably takes advantage of her ignorance of business matters; he grabs all he can, and causes her to waste her husband's savings in every way he can invent. If a man saves money to buy a house or a little land, he cannot have it conveyed without the aid of a solicitor, whose charges are stamped with extortion, and mean dodges to make costs. The purchaser has no guarantee from the solicitor as to title, and possibly that solicitor may be aware of and conceal the fact that the title is not a good one; yet he will let a man sink his all in it, and perhaps afterwards inform another solicitor of it *sub rosa*, who may harass the poor fellow with litigation. I have been told by an extensive estate agent that there is not one perfect title in one hundred in many of our large cities. By the aid of solicitors, unscrupulous men have floated hundreds of Limited Liability Companies, swamping all the savings for years of thousands of thrifty people, palming on them by deceit rotten or tottering concerns at exorbitant prices, and when the bubble bursts, these scientific swindlers, under the solicitor's protection, escape with their plunder, sometimes obtained by conspiracy and fraud, and the shareholders have no redress. The companies are wound up, feeding the solicitors and other birds of prey as long as they have any funds to pay them. Some solicitors' offices are regular slaughter houses for debtors who are so unfortunate as to get into their hands. A County Court Judge, the other day (in reference to a solicitor's bill of £16. 16s. 8d., which the Registrar taxed down to 16s. 8d.), said he looked on the Bankruptcy Act as legalised robbery, for it was very often a division of a man's goods between solicitors, auctioneers, and accountants."

There may be some truth—perhaps too much truth—in all this as regards certain persons connected with the legal profession; but to condemn a whole class on that account is absurd, mean, wicked. The writer has a fling at Mr. Charley, M.P. He says the sooner Acts relating to solicitors are repealed the better, especially the Solicitors' Act of 1874, on which Mr. Charley displayed so much of his learned eloquence, and his boastful policy of "always taking the part of the weak against the strong." He also goes the length of asking if Mr. Charley holds his seat in the House of Commons as the representative of his constituency and their interests, or the representative of the legal profession. This is also cowardly and cruel. We ourselves consider it to be our duty to pitch into the hon. member for Salford now and then; but we hope we shall never condescend to impugn his motives. By the way, why did such a bold, brave man as the writer of this pamphlet not give us his name? Moreover, why is the name of the printer of his pamphlet withheld? Men who strike and stab in the dark make wretched reformers.

ST. DAVID'S DAY.

MARCH the first is the Saint Day of Welshmen, and on the evening of that day, at the Queen's Hotel, justice was done to fluids and solids by doughty representatives of that ancient people. There are many things of which a native of Wales may be proud of, although we cannot just at the moment bring forward statistics. We believe it is accepted as proved that there is less crime and fewer drunken outrages in Wales than in any equal area of the United Kingdom.

The chair was taken by the celebrated D'Jones, a gentleman of European reputation, and of whom we have heard since the remotest days of childhood. Councillor Roberts won golden opinions by his able and earnest advocacy of the claims of the Welsh University, and we hope that the worthy councillor may live long to continue his useful and patriotic educational labours.

The flapwellin singing, or the phenifelling, or the llangefnelling, or it may be the clanyelling singing, was highly successful. We hope our readers will not accept our spelling or pronunciation of this, but at once apply to Mr. R. E. Jones, the hon. secretary to St. David, for an exhibition of linguistic bravery, for

"To pronounce it might somewhat trouble you,
It's spelt with three p's, an f, two y's, and a double u."

Councillor W. H. Bailey, in responding to the "town and trade," said as there was no trade he might as well talk of something else. He said that it had been stated the Scotch had three things upon which they are rather weak—thistles, whiskey, and snuff,—and Mr. Bailey informed his listeners that he had consulted an elder of the Scotch Church in order to get an opinion of the equivalent weaknesses of Welshmen, and the elder informed Mr. Bailey that he was unaware of any weakness of the Welsh people, and further, he said that they were considered *verra r-ee-spectable people* but allow me to state, said the good northern oracle, "that they are touched with a weakness about the antiquity of their language, for I have been informed that they think it the language of paradise." Mr. Bailey proceeded to say that he had consulted learned

authorities and scholarly men, and he had been assured that there was every reason to think that this belief was founded on fact, and he said further, that it was something which the followers of St. David should think about without being puffed up, but with reasonable pride. We believe that several eminent Welshmen present invited Mr. Bailey to be their guest during the summer holidays. One enthusiastic proprietor of a pretty place not a thousand miles from Llangefni said: "My dear boy, bring your wife and family."

We had nearly omitted to mention that the Welshmen permitted the Salford councillor to give them a long account of the great Welsh inventor, Richard Roberts, the inventor of the self-acting mule, the reed-making machine, and other beneficial inventions at work in the manufacturing districts. He concluded by saying that Manchester would not be doing justice to the memory of Roberts as a benefactor until a monument was erected to commemorate his great mechanical genius.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

AMONG the "miscellaneous wants" in the *Manchester Guardian* the other day was the following:—"A respectable woman wants washing and cleaning. Apply —, Albion Street, London Road." We don't believe it; leastwise we don't want, and won't have, anything to do with it. Like Artemus Ward, "we belong to a society which beleaves wimin has rites," and one of these rites we religiously hold to be that every able-bodied woman, respectable or otherwise, ought at least to "wash and clean" herself. In the meantime, "all hands to the pump."

THE success of the Jews ball in the New Town Hall, on Tuesday night, reflects great credit on the promoters and managers, and it seems to show at the same time the esteem in which the Manchester Jews are held by their fellow-townsmen. The assemblage was extremely brilliant and the arrangements were perfect. And, what is of more importance, the Jews schools will benefit by the ball to the extent of £400 or £500. On entering the magnificent rooms of the New Town Hall, what first struck those who expected to find themselves in a new Jerusalem, was the absence, if so we may put it, of members of the race with which the new Jerusalem is to be peopled. Out of about a 1,000 people present, not more than 300 we should imagine were of the Hebrew faith. There was an unusual number of officers present, because they had got free tickets, and their gay uniforms were a marked feature in the ball-room. We must confess to a slight jealousy of some of these warriors, for the Jewesses on Tuesday night seemed to have been badly attacked by scarlet fever. If ever you happened to walk through the corridors, and if your eyes were attracted by the presence of some bright Jewish maiden in one of the recesses, she was sure to have a more or less doughty warrior by her side. These same warriors, though, were not all of them over elegant or over slender. It is a curious thing that the military, like ill-cultivated gardens, run to waste. Fancy a pudgy little major, in a sort of short pea-jacket, waltzing with a rather stout Jewish matron, and then you have a notion that, to put it mildly, you have sometimes seen a better and more gracefully assorted couple. Three-fourths of the gentlemen present were, as we have indicated, Christians, being for the most part personal friends of members of the Jewish community, and it was a curious fact that there was scarcely a Conservative present. Mr. Robt. Leake, Mr. Ben. Armitage, and hundreds of others represented the Reform Club, but we did not recognise a single member of the Conservative Club if we except Mr. Henriques who was one of the three Jews who voted for Powell at the last election.

SOME of the English-Turkish newspapers still display an abundance of war paint and flourish the tomahawk. Both the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Daily Telegraph* keep on raving about British interests being assailed and England herself destroyed. The latter alleged on Wednesday that England is "outdone, betrayed, and weakened." Why? How?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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F. R. FRANCIS, F.S.A., M.T.E., S.L.

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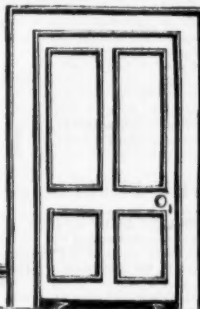
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